# Middlebnry Register

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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The Middleburn

Register.

VOL. XLV.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., AUGUST 13, 1880.

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regret II. Bespecually, CHIPMAN G. SMTIH, this wholesome restorative.

Widdlebury, Vt., May 7, 1880.

In Harvest Day.

My week of haliday was spent And fdly on the stile I least, Taking my leave

Of all the fair and smiling plain, Wood, vale and hill, And all the homely household hand, (The warm grase of each kindly hand Bides with me still);

And I was said. The stricken grain Around me lay; I could but think of silent glade-Of buds and blossoms lowly laid

This gathered grain! Spring a hours of blis And summer's glory turn to th's-

So simply wise-Who overheard, and quickly turned Said, while a spark of anger burned In his gray oyes:

"Lad, thou art town-bred, knowing naugh Whereof thou pratest The fruit it yields in harvest day Is still the greatest!

From lite's frail tree. In harvest day See that before thy Lord thou lay Some yellow sheaves.

He went his way; I mine; and now Ot busy life in crowded street-Of eager voices, hurrying feet, To come and go.

My hands engage, I see that far-off upland plain-Its long, long rows of gathered grain,

And hour them say. "Let pleasures fair, And passions vain, And youthful follies, lade and die; But all good deeds, pure thoughts and high

Like golden grain, " Be gathered still." Blest hervest story That only grows In hearts besprinkled with the blood

My spirit leaves, Bringing, in joyful harvest-home, Some vallow sheaves! -Sunday Magazine.

At it Lucy was unusually old and unusually black. Her blackness was set off by her white turban and white kerchief she wore about her neck. She was heavily made, with a delightful chubby face, and a delightful, cordial, chuckling way of speaking. Only a severe attack of rheumatism would dampen her chronic cheerfulness, and imbue the tones of her voice with a touch of melancholy.

It had been my own idea to set her up in trade, with the expenditure of a dollar or so, in the first place, on needles and thread, and tapes and pins, and so on; afterward, as these wares found a ready market, she and I determined to go into the confectionery line also, on a small scale—penny cakes, penny sticks of candy; but these latter we found to be more useful in advertising her place of business than lucrative. I had been unable to buy them for less than a penny apiece, and they sold the world over for a penny, it appeared.

"I can make ginger cakes an' sugar cakes fust rate," suggests the old woman presently.

found a profitable investment, as their value is a fictitious one.

Aunt Lucy lives in an alley within another alley. It being a circuitous route, Milly, one of the old woman's daughters—Lucy's family is numerous, and universally down on their luck—exorts me back to the highway, conversing.

versing.

"Mother was well brought up," she responds to some words of praise of mine. "De white ladies as raised her treated her well, an' she shows it. Mother can't behave no odder way. De good manners will come out. An' she's dat spry!"

"It's a nite that between you all you

trade me say, "I am sorry you are so badly off. Is your husband out of work?"

"Bless you, madam, he don't do nuffin for me now. I had him goin' on nine years, but he done lef me now. I has nuffin but de chiliun, an' nubbudy wants dem dese days." And there was actually in her tones an apparent regret that boys and girls had ceased to be valuable as chattels.

Under these circumstances I abandoned all hope that Milly might be able to contribute to her mother's necessities. I even inscribed her name on my own mental tablets as an "object." I parted from her with feelings of depression all the more lively because her own inherited cheerfulness had not succumbed to the pressure of adverse circumstances. She was apparently on good terms with fate, and disposed to make the best of things.

On Isaiah, however, I looked with sterner eyes. There seemed to be a natural repulsion between himself and steady work. Odds and ends of work he would occasionally find to do; but he never secured a month's or even a week's employment. He came and went of my house on errands for his mother, always exasperatingly self-satisfied and good-natured. Perhaps a little wholesome discontent or discomfort would have spurred him to exertion. I employed him to cut the grass in our garden, and he really did it well, with such self-complacency, too, that one felt that grass-cutting was perhaps his congenial sphere. However, work must come to Isaiah; he would never go to look it up. He also did little odds and ends of gardening for me on this same occasion, conversing politely meanwhile. As, for instance, in making the hav

dening for me on this same occasion, conversing politely meanwhile. As, for instance, in making the hay:

"In de country dey calls dis yar winnowin. I worked at harvestin onst in Prince George's. Harvestin' is good fur de nerves. It elder increase 'em or decrease 'em. Mine decreased—no, I mean ter say dey increased."

"Then harvesting didn't agree with you?"

"Then harvesting didn't agree with you?"

"Oh, yes it did. It suited me fust rate. De nerves increased. I was as hearty as a buck."

"You look strong and well now," I state. This occurs to me as a good opening for my favorite text. "Isaiah, I wish you could contrive to do more for your old mother."

"I does try, miss," he declares; "I does my best." tossing the grass picturesquely. "I tries hard."

Lucy land given me to understand that Isaiah was the rakish and roving member of her family, addicted to singing about the streets at night, never going to church. I referred to these facts in his personal history. Isaiah did not deny them. But he made promises of amendment. I, for my part, presented him with an old coat, on the understanding that he was only to wear it to church. He had pleaded his delicient toilet as an excuse for his neglect of religious observances.

Not longer than a week after that our town was startied by a murder committed on the street at night, the victim.

town was startled by a murder com-mitted on the street at night, the victim.

"How is trade, Aunt Lucy?" I inquired, with the air of one perpetratings pleasantry.

The person addressed was slow take my remark in the spirit in which it was offered. Trade with her was solered. The with the air of one perpetrating was the way of his end. His murderers were traced immediately, and identified beyond reasonable doubt. Alas, one of those arrested on suspicion was the same Isalah—Isalah Carroll—of whom I have written above!

I went to see Aunt Lucy directly, and found her plunged in grief. But she was confident of her boy's innocence. She bewailed the way of iffe which had had caused him to be identified with the class of men by whom the murder had doubtless been committed. "I always tell him so," she kept repeating. It tell him bis company wud be de ruin ob him. It was de singh, miss," she re-

tell him his company wud be de ruin ob him. It war de singin', miss," she reiterated. "I ailus knowed no good wud come ob it."

I followed the evidence carefully. The feeling of the public was dead against the suspected murderers from the start. I, who had my misgivings as to Isaiah, at least was glad that the universal charity of the law gave the wretched prisoners the chance to defend themselves. I was glad to know also that Isaiah would have an able counselor; but all that I could hear or read was against him. against him.

The line of defense chosen by all the

The line of defense chosen by all the prisoners was to prove for themselves an alibi. Observe that no one had seen the murder committed. The fact that the three men accused of the crime had been traced from point to point through the neighborhood, and on the night of the murder, furnished the original grounds of arrest. Isaish, it was shown by the prosecution, had always been hand in glove with the two other prisoners, Smith and Quinby. It struck me, on reading the evidence, that it implicated the others far more conclusively than Isaish. But it was shown that he had been standing about the street corners on the morning of the murder with the two others accused; and it was also shown that for the last six months they had been an inseparable trio. Isaish had, beyond dispute, been a companion of thieves—if not worse. In spite of all which I believed he could clear himself. Poor old Aunt Lucy did not see him through the trial. She could only mourn for him and pray for him. Poor old Lucy!

The day when I had ascertained that Isaish would be questioned, I myself, against all my previous habits, went down to the court-house. It was quite a pitiful sight when Isaish, confronted by a badgering lawyer, infinitely more anxious to win his case than that the right should prevail, was placed on the stand. He was attired in his best clothes, and he stood nervously twirling his hat in his hand, as I had seen him do on the occasion of our last meeting, when I had bethought me to advise him as to his moral and spiritual states. It is not evidently been cosched by his lawyer, and he was prepared to go

him do on the occasion of our last meeting, when I had bethought me to advise him as to his moral and spiritual states. He had evidently been cosched by his lawyer, and he was prepared to go through the examination as to his whereabouts on the day of the murder with circumstantial precision. He accomplished his lesson thoroughly. His honest air and heavy, well-meaning expression were all in his favor. My spirits revived. He appeared to me to have told a plain, unvarnished tale enough. I did not recognize any of the names or places he mentioned; he did not bring in those relatives of his with whom I was acquainted—Milly, Lucy—but there was an air of heavy, dull verisimilitude over his whole narration.

Then the cross-examination began. Isaiah had accounted for himself on every hour of the day of the tragedy up to ten o'clock at night, the murder having been at seven. He stood his ground quite well at first, when he was called on to repeat his statement, but on the redirect examination he suddenly broke down. I can remember having been in such a state of mind myself, when everything around me has all at once become a blank. Isaiah looked around him helplessly. It suddenly came over him that he had been betrayed by his own carefessness in giving an account to his lawyer of the day before the murder! He had been coached on that. His dull, dependent intellect refused to think and plan for itself on the spur of the moment. He was too bewildered and confused to remember. The prosecuting lawyer tried to encourage him. But his only answer was: "I don't see whar I am, sir; I's lost myself."

There was a ripple of unfeeling merriment through the court-room. Isaiah's previous statement passes for an unmittigated lie. I sit cold and stern. I catch Isaiah's eye and its look of stolid discomfiture. I believe in him.

At the same time—and this makes my fears for him all the stronger—I believe it possible that the testimony of the other prisoners may have been a tissue of falschood. However, there is

Some one has recently written: I am not an old man; yet in material things I have seen the creation of a new world.

nothing more to be done. Issiah has played the part assigned him in this day's programme. I ascertain this, and

I went straight to his old mother's. I found her occupied in patching a pair of trousers for one of her grandsons. She was very quiet and down-hearted. I led the conversation gradually to the subject of Isaish. She put down her work, and wiped away a tear or two. "I wud nebber lib troo it 'cept fur one ting," she said. "I feels so cole an' hungry an' mis'rable in my heart; an' den, sez I ter myself. 'Dere is a God, dere is a God,' an' I warms up, an' has enuff an' ter spare. It don't last, ter be sure, an' I has ter preach ter myself ober an' ober agen, but white it has' I feels so full ob de great I Am."

We talked over the trial. In fact, it had occurred to me that her memory might be called to the assistance of Isaiah's. She checked off the days of the week of the murder, recalling the incidents of each one. Tuesday Isaiah had had a job of bauling to do; Wednesday—step by step she recalled the day, just as Isaiah had done for Thursday, up to 10 P. M., as he had described it. Thursday was the day of the murder. He had made rather more than usual on Wednesday, and had gone quite early on Thursday, on the lond, which he always constitutionally believed he had earned after two days' work. Aunt Lucy took up her patching again at this stage. She shook her head and her voice fell. The melancholy fact was that Isaiah had returned home early in the afternoon, so much under the influence of liquor that he had spent the rest of that day, that night and half the next day on a pallet in the corner of his old mother's room. I saw how it was directly. His brain had remained hopelessly bemuddled as to the incidents of that Thursday, and he had confused them with those of Wednesday. Had any one else seen him? I inquired, hopefully, remembering the slender stream of custom that, nevertheless, never quite fell off. In fact, Aunt Lucy named three or four persons who had been in and out for needles and thread while Isaiah hay there. As we spoke, one of these very persons happened in opportunely. I stated the position to her, and

Fortified with what I had heard, I proceeded to communicate with the lawyer who was undertaking to defend Isalah Carroll. It happened that the name of this gentleman was familiar to me. I had seen him once or twice at croquet parties on our lawn. In response to a message I sent him through my brother, he presented himself at our house. I gathered directly that he was defending Isalah from a sincere persuasion of his innocence. "It seems he had seen me here," Mr. Ordway let fall, "when he was walking around in the garden. I recognized him on this hint as a protege of yours, and I made up my mind to get him off if I could. Now for the facts, if you please."

I gave them to him, waxing diffuse, I fear, according to my sex's failing. But he listened thoroughly. As he left, he said, with a little laugh, "Your champlonship makes me feel that I shouldn't mind being this poor fellow myself."

He had odd, resolute, searching eyes, which he fixed on mine as he spoke. His intent gaze gave me the strange feeling of only having just made his acquaintance.

That is about all there is to tell of Fortified with what I had heard, I

feeling of only having just made his acquaintance.

That is about all there is to tell of Isaiah Carroll. Mr. Ordway helped him to prove a clear alibi, although the delinquent had the grace to be sincerely mortified as to the manner of it. His old mother herselt was put on the stand. She gave her testimony with distinctness, albeit with agitation. The prosecution dealt gently with her, even when she repeated twice that "Isaiah war allays a punctual boy "—meaning a boy to be relied upon in the long run.

a boy to be relied upon in the long run.

I am proud to say that Isaiah never feli into bad company after this. The two other wretched men, his fellow-prisoners, were convicted of the murder, and sentenced to death. It was supposed that a third party was implicated, but the proof of this was never made clear.

What a long sigh of relief I drew when this narrow escape of my colored friend was all over! Mr. Ordway persisted in calling it our case. I was modest about it, however, and refused to divide the credit with him. I will tell as a secret, however, that this was not the last suit of Mr. Ordway's in which I have taken a warm and personal interest.—Harper's Bazar.

A fine head of natural hair is certainly a very great adornment. Well-brushed, glossy, smoothly-banded hair used to be the ambition and the pride, or perhaps the envy and despair of every young lady. In latter days we have seen strange changes in feminine opinion on this subject. All sorts of wild and picturesque confusion, crimps, fluffs, have deformed heads which might else have been graceful. But bangs and montague curls have capped the very climax of ugliness. The prettiest and most piquant face grows commonplace under their spell. The brow, noblest part of the countenance, is concealed beneath a straight or tangled mat, and undue prominence is accorded to the lower parts of the face. We wish our would resolve never to wear banged hair or montague curied hair, unless they wish to be taken for lunatics

eschew pomades, bandoline and unguents. Brush it frequently with a clean, dry brush. Cleanse the brush once a ammonia. Let the hair be loose and free at night, and in the daytime coil it in some loose and easy way, fastening it with as few hairpins as possible.—

I have seen the creation of a new world. I am contemporary with the railroad, the telegraph, the steamship, the photograph, the sewing-machine, the steamplow, the friction match, gaslight, chloroform, nitro-glycerine, the monitor, the caloric engine, the California gold discoveries, the oil-well discoveries, gutta percha, canned fruits, the electric light, the telephone, etc. These are some of the footprints of material progress of the present generation. Do you think the moral world will remain the same as before? That society will remain unaffected by these changes? If you do, let me call your attention to the fact that the same generation has seen the abolition of slavery on a large scale, the ascendency of republicanism in America, ithe opening of China and Japan, the institution of world's fairs.

Spoopendyke's Bathing Suit.

Spoopendyke's Bathing Suit.

"My dear," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper, "I think I would be greatly benefited this summer by sea baths. Bathing in the surf is an excellent tonic, and if you will make me up a suit and one for yourself, if you like, we'll go down oftener and take a dip in the waves."

"The very thing, smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke;, "you certainly need something to tone you up, and there's nothing like galt water. I think I'll make mine of blue flannel, and, let me see, yours ought to be red, my dear."

"I don't think you careful the exact drift of my remark," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I didn't say I was going into the opera business, or that I was going to bire out to me country village as a conflagration. My plan was to go in swimming, Mrs. Spoopendyke, to go in swimming, Mrs. Spoopendyke, to go in swimming, and not grow up with the country as a cremation furnace. You can make yours of blue if yon want it, but you don't make mine of red, that's all."

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flannel—"

"There's a pretty shade of yellow

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flannel—"
"Most indubitably. Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, but if you think I'm going to masquerade around Manhatian beach in the capacity of a ham, you haven't yet seized my idea. I don't apprehend that I shall benefit by the waters any more by going around looking like a Santa Cruz rum barrel. What I want is a bathing-suit, and if you can't get one up without making me look like a Fulton street car, I'll go and buy something to sait me."

"Would you want it all in one piece, or do you want pants and blouse?"

"I want a suit easy to get in and out of. I'm not particular about following the fashion. Make up something near, plain and substantial, but don't stick any fancy colors into it. I want it mod-

pain and substantial, but don't stick any fancy colors into it. I want it mod-est and serviceable."

Mrs. Spoopendyke made up the suit under the guidance of a lady friend, whose aunt had told her how it should be constructed. It was in one piece and when completed was rather a start-ling garment.

ling garment.
"I'll try it on to-night," said Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing it askance when it was handed him.

Before retiring, Mr. Spoopendyke examined the suit, and then began to get itself.

"Why didn't you make some egs to it? What d'ye want to make it all arms for?" he inquired, struggling around to see why it didn't come up be-hind.

"You've got it on sideways." ex-claimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You've got one leg into the sieeve." "Pve got to get it on sideways. There ain't any top to it. Don't you know enough to put the arms up where they belong? What d'ye think I am, any how? A star-fish? Where does this log go?"

"Right in there. That's the piace for that ler."

"Right in there. That's the place for that leg."

"Then where's the leg that goes in this hole?"

"Why, the other leg."

"The measiy thing is all legs. Who'd you make this thing for—me? What d'ye take me for—a centipede? Who else is going to get in here with me? I want somebody else. I ain't twins. I can't fill this business up. What d'ye call it, any way, a family machine?"

"Those other places ain't legs; they're sleeves."

"What are they doing down there? Why ain't they up here where they belong? What are they there for—snow shoes? Spose I'm going to stand on my head to get my arms in those holes?"

"I don't think you've got it on right," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It looks' twisted."

"That's the way you told me. You

"That's the way you told me. You said, 'Put this leg here and that one

said, 'Put this leg here and that one there,' and there they are. Now where does the rest of me xo?"

'I made it according to the pattern,' sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'Then it's all right, and it's me that's twisted," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke.

'I'll have my arms and legs altered. All I want is to have my legs jammed in the small of my back and my arms stuck in my hips; then it'll fit. What did you take tor a pattern, a crab? Where'd you find the lebster you made this from? S'ao e I'm going into the water on all fours? I told you I wanted a bathing suit, didn't I? Did I say any.

water on all fours? I told you I wanted a bathing suit, didn't 1? Did I say anything about a chair cover?"
"I think if you take it off and try it on over again it'll work," reasoned Mrs. Spoonenkyke.
"Oh, of course. I've only got to humor the blasted thing. That's all it wants," and Mr. Sp. opendyke wrenched it off with a growi.
"Now pull it on," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

dyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke went at it again and reversed the original order of disposing his limbs.

"Suit you now?" he howled. "That

"Suit you now?" he howled. "That the way you meant it to? What's these things flopping around here?"

"Those are the legs, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Spoependyke, dejectedly.

"What are they doing up here? I see; oh, I see, this is supposed to represent me making a dive. When I get this on, I'm going head first. Where's the balance? Where's the rest? Give me the suit that represents me head up," and Mr. Spoopendyke danced around the room in fury.

"Just turn it over, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and you are all right."

"How'm I going to turn it over?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and you are all right."

"How'm I going to turn it over?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "S'pose I'm going to carry around a steam boiler to turn me over when I want the other end of this thing up? S'pose I'm going to hire a man to go around with a griddle spoon and turn me over like a flapjack, just to please this dod blasted bathing suit? D'ye think I work on pivots?"

"Just take it off and put it on the other way," urged Mrs. Spoopendyke, who began to see her way clear.

Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the structure up to the ceiling, and plunged into it once more. This time it came out all right, and as he buttoned it up and surveyed himself in the glass the clouds passed away and he smiled.

"I like it," he remarked; "the color suits me, and I think you have done very well, my dear; only," and he frowned slightly, "I wish you would mark the arms and legs so I can distinguish one from the other, or some day I will present the startling spectacle of a respectable elderly gentleman hopping around the beach upside down. That's all."

Brooklyn Eagle.

A Safe on Wheels.

A Safe on Wheels.

The removal of the bureau of engraving and printing to a building half a mile from the United States treasury at Washington has made it necessary to provide new arrangements for the transfer of money and bonds between the two establishments. The department has had constructed a heavy, van-like wagon, a sort of vault on wheels, built of iron and steel, and arranged internally like a bank vault with a sheet-iron lining. The doors are fastened with tremendous Isolts and the locks are of the combination order. The body of the concern is painjed an olive color with gilt ornamentation. It was only put into service a short time ago, and when drawn through the street by two immense horses it attracts considerable attention, epecially as it is always accompanied. Ever armed agents of the treasury the internal two quarding the front and the large contacts.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are 60,000 sulcides in Europe

A hunter in Georgia killed four deer at one shot

Cutting a swell-Lancing a boil.-

"Turning points in life"-Street corners.-Toronio Grip.

Fly time—When you hear her father's heavy cane thumping along the hall.

The Buffalo Courier says: He is not a brute, nowadays, who gives his ladylove "a belt,"

Those who put their money into telephone stock made a sound investment.

—Meriden Recorder. An eight-year-old blind boy near Ma-

rion, Ala., can play any tune he ever heard, on the violin. A new church, built as a memorial or Bishop Wilberforce, has been dedicated in Coburg road, England.

A Rockland man called his wife "green fruit" because she never agrees with him.—Rockland Courier.

The largest gem so far found in the Siam supphire mines weighed 370 carats in the rough, and III when out.

The population of Leadville, Colorado, is estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000, and it has nearly doubled in a year. The inventor of a new telephone, just tried at Mans, France, says that it will convey sound across the Atlantic.

"Oh, for the sound of a voice that is still," sings Tennyson. Why didn't he marry a deal and dumb woman?—Salem Sunleam.

No one was injured when the First M. E. Church, of Greensburg, Ind., was struck by lightning, but the frescoing was ruined.

Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.

Many persons sigh for death when it seems far off, but the inclination vanishes when the boat upsets, or the ecomotive runs off the track or the

A Denver man has had a horse stolen, and, in a business-like manner, offers three rewards—\$50 for the thief, \$100 for the horse and thief, and \$200 for the dead body of the thief. dend body of the thief.

Looking glasses were first made in Venice in the year 1300. Venetian artists came to England and manufactured them in 1673; and afterward the French began to excel them. Tobacco was first discovered at St. Domingo in the year 1496, and was used freely by the Spaniards, in Yucatan, in 1520. It was introduced into England in 1565, by Sir John Hawkins.

There is contained in the corn-cobs raised in the United States from 115, 000,000 to 120,000 000 pounds of carbon-ate of potash, which is the Lird most valuable article required in agriculture. Of the discoverers and conquerors of the New World, Columbus died broken-hearted. Roldin and Bobadilla were drowned. Balboa was beheaded, Cortez was dishonored, and Pizarro was mur-dered.

Our edition of Webster does not con tain the words which the tired editor utters when, as he is about to go home, the devil protrudes his head into the edi-torial room and yells out: "More copy!"

The discouraged collector again presented that little matter. "Well," says his friend, "you are around again?"
"Yes," says the fellow, with the account in his hand, "but I want to get Chemah, the twenty-nve-meli high Chinese dwarf, tow exhibiting in Lan-don, sings only three verses of a native love song about his sweetheart at home, but the other ninety-six verses may be

had on payment. It is wonderful how the modest cititer, who objects to seeing his name in the paper, will want to whip the entire establishment if it should happen to get in pract with one letter left out.—Win-ston (N. C.) Lender.

Tea was first known in Europe—being brought from India by the Dutch—in 1616. In England it was not introduced antil 1606, when it was brought from Holland and sold for sixty shiftings per

very popular both in college and in Bos-ion society. Their facility in assimilat-ing themselves to the habits and cuscoms of a new country is much com-It is said that the deepest gorge in the world has been discovered in Colorado. We always had the impression that the

biggest gorge in this country might be winessed at the railway station where the train stops "five minutes for din-ner."—Norristown Herviti. A young lady who has studied all the "ologies," wants to know if the crack of a ride is where they put the powder in.—Boston Transcript.

Very encouraging accounts are published of the success of the Carlisle (Pa ) Indian training school, where 176 publis are now receiving educational and industrial instruction. In addition to the schools there are carpenter, tinsmith, clacksmith, shoemaker, and saddler stops, at which Indian boys are rapidly learning trades, and helping to support their comrades. The tribes represented include the Sioux, Cheyennes, Massahoes, Kiowas, Comanches Poncas, Nez Perces, Wichitas, Seminoles and several others

### FOR THE PAIR SEX.

Undressed kid gloves must be in light

In trimmings of bonnets and dresses red predominates. Beads in profusion are the ornament

Diamond epaulettes are replaced by those of flowers in Paris. There is a tendeacy to revive the

simple dresses of former days. Yellow, red, beliotrope, and ecru grow more and more Iashionable. Towels are beautifully decorated with

cross stitch and other embroideries. Brides's traveling costumes are called "going away dresses" in England. Flower epaulettes will be the feature

summernight festival and bal novelty in these lovely, frail art crea

Pointed corsage, though much worn have not superseded round waists with Lisle thread gloves come in great va-riety, finer finished and cheaper than

last year. Low coiffures are worn by young ladies, high Roman crown braids and

Nun's veiling is the latest white and cream-colored novelty for summer

Bow and arrow combs and ornaments of popular fancy for archery. Black silk and satia tollets of cere

mony are made brilliant with embroid-cries of black jet, amber and irides-cent beads of fine quality and small Linear dusters in long mantle shapes are brought out this summer so finely finished and fitted as to be adopted by stonen of taste and fashiounble prestige.

Egypt is a large could be read to the first mount of land under comparatively small, being largept than the State of New Jersey; or about 8.5 %) square miles.

Dr. Gutman, who for ten years has, for his health, frequented and the important whering places of Germany. Austria and Switzerland, says that when Americans are asked for payment than the State of New Jersey; or about 10 in the State of New Jerse

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Thro' Farmer Gale' wide fields I passed

Then Farmer Gale-that good old man,

"And thou-thy spring shall quickly pass;

Its rustic enge,

From Calvary flows! Lord, when thou callest, when this world

"I can make ginger cakes an' sugar cakes fust rate," suggests the old woman presently.

"That will be the way, then," I say, cautching at the bright idea—"the very thing. I'll give you the money to buy some flour and sugar and molasses, and you'll make the cakes and then we'll see what the profit will be."

Aunt Lucy chuckles delightedly. She has an active soul, despite her ninety-eight years. Yes, ninety-eight? She insists that this is her age.

"Have you had your roof mended?" I inquire, having already left the money with her for that purpose.

"Can't git de man ter come. I has bin a-terrifyin' an' a-abotherin' ob my Isaiah ter git de man ter come—hain't I Isaiah?" as at that juncture, a tall slouchy young man entered, who did not seem likely to be terrified by feeble old Aunt Lucy.

He pulled a front lock in courtesy to me, and grinned. "I has went, 'an went," he averred; "an' he promises ter come. Seems like he don't care."

I myself entertain doubts of Isalah's zeal as a Mercury. I say, persuasively, "I wish you would see to it Isaiah." Then I make my adieux.

The room contained half a dozen persons beside Lucy. She has always's number of guests, and is especially dopular since she has kept shop, and thus established a kind of a neighborhood rendezvous. Her shop is in the window, across which slats have been nalled, against which articles of merchandise have been placed, including various penny toys, which have been found a profitable investment, as their value is a fictitious one.

Aunt Lucy lives in an alley within

dat spry!"

"It's a pity that between you all you are not able to make your mother thoroughly comfortable in her old age," I say, slowly. In fact this view of the subject has frequently presented itself to my mind before.

"We are all so pore," was Milly's excuse. "An' I has, what's more, such bad feelin's inside. Sometimes I don't hardly expec' to see one day cotch anodder."

In truth, pow that I took a good look